A Loyal Friend Becomes a Leader
COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

That ye may become blameless and harmless, children of God without blemish, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye are seen as lights in the world. holding forth the word of life.
—*Philippians* 2.15,16.

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

OFFICERS

Rev. Walter J. Graig ..... President
Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D. ..... Vice-President
Dr. David J. Fant ..... Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years; 10c per copy

VOL. XXXIII
No. 6

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
1952

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-Monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXXIII NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
No. 6 1952

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Europe's Bewildered Multitudes

The underground war is sometimes called "the cold war." It might be called "the hunger war." "We will starve them secretly," says the chief spokesman in the Kremlin. The gospel of force can terrify many into obeying the Dictator's demands. The sudden outbursts of riotous mobs in various countries reveal the fact that secret plotting and rebellion are world-wide. Dr. F. B. Meyer, a great friend of D. L. Moody, said: "As we draw near to our Lord's Return, there will be an outburst of Satanic, demoniacal powers from the pit." Recently we heard a prayer from a devoted Bible expositor: "Lord, Thou canst cause the Kremlin to crumble." Divide Satan's forces! May devils fly at one another!

Not long after this, news came revealing splits and divisions inside the Soviet Parliament. "If Satan be divided, how can his kingdom stand?" said our Lord. The power of Christ's Name must be demonstrated in strong faith against the adversary today.

There is a great need for a revival of prayer, according to our Lord's example and command. We may send out tons of tracts and do much good work; but the Holy Spirit searches the heart, to lead us on to war against God's great enemy, who has been exposed as murderer, liar and deceiver (John 8.44). The secret war will attack God's faithful warriors. Hungry mouths must be fed yet; the Bread of Life must be given, and lost souls captured out of the devil's net.

The missionaries are glad to have Scriptures, etc., for distribution. We hope to send more. But don't forget to pray, *pray*, PRAY!

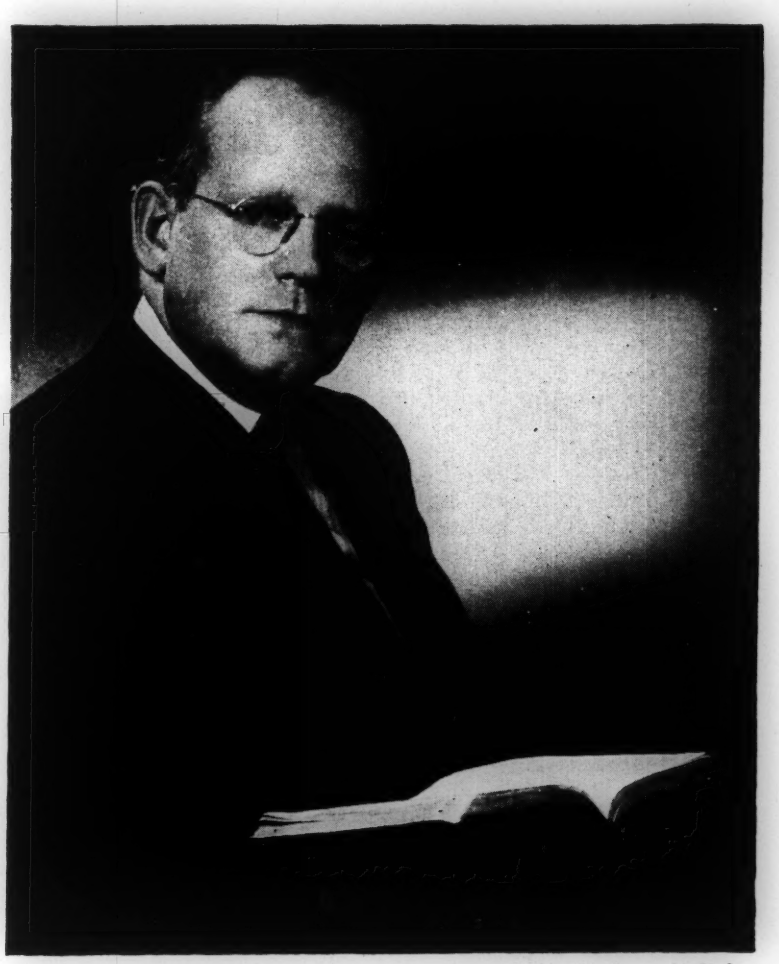
Yours in prayer-fellowship,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

(Copies of the book, "My Marvellous God," the life-story of our brother's sainted wife, Margaret Spencer Johnson, may still be ordered through the Fellowship. It is well written, deeply spiritual in tone, and the reading of it is a richly rewarding experience.—Editor.)

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.



Herbert C. Kahn

REV. WALTER J. GRAIG

President of the American-European Fellowship

Now it came to pass after the death of Moses the servant of Jehovah. that Jehovah spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying. Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to you have I given it, as I spake unto Moses. From the wilderness, and this Lebanon. even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites. and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your border. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage; for thou shalt cause this people to inherit the land which I sware unto their fathers to give them. Only be strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou

shalt meditate thereon day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed: for Jehovah thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

—*Joshua* 1.1-9.

A Loyal Friend Becomes a Leader

At a prayer service held in the office of the Fellowship, on November 18th, the Rev. Walter J. Graig was formally installed as our new President. We are anxious to have our readers feel that they know him personally, as they knew our late beloved Dr. Dowkontt. In writing these paragraphs, we commend him to your interest and your prayers.

Mr. Graig was born in Davenport, New York. He received his education at Oneonta Normal School and at Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pennsylvania. He made his preparation for the ministry at Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary, from which institution he was graduated in 1926, with the degree of Bachelor of Theology. Following his early pastorates at West Kortright and Gilchrist Memorial, Mr. Graig was for thirteen years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Gilbertsville, New York. He was called to Yonkers in the fall of 1943, where he is entering upon his tenth year as pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Graig is a past president of the Yonkers Clerical Association. He is Protestant chaplain of the Yonkers Police Department, chaplain of the St. George Association, and active in many other religious and civic organizations.

Mr. and Mrs. Graig have four children. The eldest, Walter Roberts Graig, was graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1950, and was ordained to the ministry at Westminster Presbyterian Church, with his father participating in the ceremony. After two years of graduate study at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, he was installed last August as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cooperstown, New York.

Mr. Graig was the pastor and the close friend of the late Rev. and Mrs. Norman J. Smith. This fact alone should be sufficient to make our readers feel that he is no stranger in our midst. He has been a member of the Fellowship's Board of Directors since 1949, and has thus had opportunity to become familiar with many administrative details. Having his pastorate here in Yonkers, where the home office of the Fellowship is, he will be able to assist at any time of need. In the best tradition of Christian brotherhood and service, he was actively interested, and was showing many practical kindnesses to the Fellowship, even before he had any official connection with it. We praise God that He has raised up the right man to be the leader of our organization in these crucial times. Best of all, in the kindness of his spirit it seems as though those earlier leaders of the Fellowship, whom we loved and lost, live again. Friends who have followed our fortunes through the years know well that the Fellowship is a sacred trust: they will rejoice with us that it has been committed to one most worthy of it. We feel sure that our new President will constantly be remembered in their prayers.

Perhaps some of our readers may one day journey to Yonkers, and come with us on a Sunday morning to a time-mellowed Church with walls of gray stone, its interior irradiated with the soft glow that filters through stained-glass windows whose dominant motif is a conventionalized Passion-flower. Come with us now, in imagination, to this Church, that you may hear—in this and in later issues of this magazine—some of the sermons, perhaps even

some of the prayers, that we hear there. A book of these sermons is being prepared for publication; meanwhile, we present excerpts from time to time, that your hearts may rejoice in the doctrinal soundness of your new President, and in his clear and vivid way of presenting the Truth. Listen now to the voice that speaks to you.

The President's Christmas Message

"Fear not . . . for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

With the return of the blessed Christmas season, we send this word of greeting to our friends and associates, and especially to our missionaries, in the Name of Him whose birth we commemorate.

Regardless of difficult days, we celebrate Christmas. The tender harmonies of the carols that we love so well still speak their message to our hearts. No matter how dark the night, we will not despair. Heaven and earth have been brought very close together by the coming of a Child—so close that we can hear the voices of angels sing of a glad day when "Peace on earth" shall be a reality.

It is worthy of note that these are the elements that bring about a transformation of our lives at Christmas-time: the presence of God in our world in the form of the Child of Bethlehem, the joy of the shepherds as they responded to the harmony of Heaven, and the giving spirit of the Wise Men who brought their gifts to the Christ-Child. These spiritual realities take hold of us at Christmas and dominate our lives. They find expression in the self-sacrificing labors of our missionaries and in the loyal cooperation of our many friends at home. They all help to usher in that glorious day when the government of the world shall be upon the shoulder of the Prince of Peace.

That this glad season may drive back the shadows that envelop us and permit us to see a Guiding Star in the heavens is our sincere prayer for you all. May the spirit of the Christ-Child abide within your hearts, and because of His Presence, may you face the New Year with courage and assurance.

Affectionately, your friend,

WALTER J. GRAIG.

The House of Bread

(A Christmas sermon preached by Mr. Graig at Westminster Presbyterian Church.)

The light had faded from the hills, the vocal skies were silent now, and the shepherds were lost in wonder. Something had happened in Bethlehem to lift life out of the realm of the casual and usual. And the men on the hillside said, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see."

It was a familiar way to them, just a near and neighborly walk. They were always going over to Bethlehem. And they were glad to do it, when the long hours had dragged into the dawn-light, and the sheep no longer needed to be watched.

We, too, have followed them, for at Christmas-time all the earth goes to Bethlehem. Our hearts are filled, as were the hearts of those who were the first to take this trip, with many emotions. We are happy over the joy of

little children. "And when they saw the child, they rejoiced." We cherish the memory of other Christmases. They remembered that, from of old, One was born a King. And most of all, we are moved with a great concern over all who are in places of danger in this world, now in the throes of a terrible and undeclared war. "And Herod sent forth and slew all the male children. And in Rama was there the voice of weeping, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

Yes, it was a short walk to Bethlehem then, as it is now. But we, who follow down the centuries, have not always found it so near. Sometimes we make a long journey of it, this trip to the feet of the Son of God, and lose our way in the wilderness of this world. Sometimes we see Bethlehem but dimly, across the hills of time, as though all it stands for is so alien to our way of life that it has become only a vague unreality.

But sometimes our hearts are strangely warmed, and we are bathed in love, and the trip is so short that we are there before we know it, as though it were the home-town of our hearts. Christmas is like that. It repeats without ceasing, in every tone of the Yuletide bells, in every atom of star-dust that lights the way, in every note of peace and good-will that is sung by merry hearts, "Let us go over to Bethlehem; it is nearer than you think." For where kindness and gentleness are, and children to cherish and to make happy; or a father's unselfish strength; or a mother's understanding solicitude; or any revelation of love; or any promise of good-will, or any hope of peace,—there is God, and there is Bethlehem.

The need to find Bethlehem is an ancient need. For the question of every heart is as old as time itself: Where is God, and what is He? No waters can quench that interrogation, nor fire destroy it. And the need to find it now is beyond words to describe. For the capitals of Pride and Power mislead us, and we must find a Saviour to rescue us and tell us the way. That is what Christmas means. You will find God in the Babe of Bethlehem, or you will not find Him at all. Heap on the one side all of the great works of theology and philosophy, all the creeds and all the stately shrines of Christendom, all the dreams of the poet and the artist: and let Jesus stand on the other side in all the circumstances of His humble birth, His simple life, His quiet beauty, and, if we are wise, we will gladly let the pomp and ceremony go, and follow Him to Bethlehem.

We need go to Calvary. We shall always need that above all else. So long as men sin and need a Saviour, so long as there is suffering and evil in life, so long will men and women and children need to find their way to the Cross, and beyond the Cross to an open Tomb, with rays of light penetrating through the unrelenting rock to the Great Beyond.

We need to go to Galilee. For there the Child, now grown to Manhood, gave men a simple, workable pattern of the Way of Life. The condition of our earth gives sad and plain proof of the defectiveness of a Christianity that does not heed what Jesus said and did during His ministry. Our churches, our statesmen, our leaders must hurry to Galilee, before we become another Sodom and Gomorrah.

The road to Galilee leads on through to Calvary, as the inevitable outcome of a world that has lost its way. But Christmas comes to revive our hope. Christmas comes to bid us make a fresh start. For without Bethlehem there would be no Galilee, no Calvary. Christmas comes, and it is like a prelude for the rising of the curtain upon a scene that is immortal. The veil of the intervening years drifts apart, like the mists before the morning sun. Time dissolves into nothingness, and that which once was in Bethlehem lives again. There in the winter's night the little Child Jesus, born of Mary,

is cradled in the manger. There on the fields outside are the kneeling shepherds, transfigured by their vision of the singing angels. And there presently, with tinkling bells upon the camels' harness telling of their approach, will come the Wise Men from the East, bringing their mystic gifts of adoration.

However the calendar may be, and wherever we are, this Bethlehem is ours forever. It is ours because this is what it says: God is in His world, in its simple life, in its humblest places. We are so apt to forget that, because our age, swept by forces of gigantic proportions and of earth-shaking significance, sees only the earthquake, wind and fire. And forgetting, we are caught in the grip of fear, just as were the first-century people.

Bethlehem tells us that not only is God in great men and sublime acts and the tragic splendor of crises, but also God is in the small areas of living: in the little village no less than in the city; in the poor as well as the rich home, and even when there is no home and no room; in every little child, as well as in adults; in the simple love and tenderness of every true heart that seeks God's will; yes, even the cattle have their place in the story. Nothing in this world is beyond the care and the influence and the love of God: the small experiences of everyday living about the hearth and home are His concern.

Bethlehem bears this out. Other holy days of the year center in the Church: this day centers in the home. Here Christianity escapes from creed and ceremony, and takes its refuge around a manger. Even the songs are merry and human and homely. Other holy days are fixed on the calendar of time. The day of the Cross is always a Friday. The day of the empty Tomb is always a Sunday. But Christmas leaps the bounds of time and goes blithely on its way, as holy on Tuesday as on Sunday, on Monday as on Friday.

Indeed, we can go one step further in our thinking on the way to Bethlehem, by remembering with joy and thankfulness that the word "Bethlehem" means "the House of Bread." As if God had walked through the strange heart of man, looking into its chambers and corners, until He came to the innermost sanctuary, and found there the ancient cry of hunger for Himself. And he determined to satisfy that hunger by sending to Bethlehem, "the House of Bread," Him who was, before all time, and now, and after time has folded its wings in rest, the Living Bread by which men live.

Jesus was no ascetic. He never withdrew from men. He was never indifferent either to human need or to human happiness. As He looked at men's efforts to gain a livelihood, He said, "Your Heavenly Father knows that you have need of these things." He Himself lived and worked in Nazareth, and He knew the practical necessities on which life rests. And He kept saying over and over again that God knows and cares; and if His children are obedient to His purpose, He will provide bread.

The ancient customs of the Christmas feast are, then, right and proper and spiritually in tune with the joyous note of Him who was born in Bethlehem, the House of Bread. Let us turn on the lights, and hang the holly, and have our family gatherings, and thank God for this time, even if it be only a little time, in which, within the glow of the candles, no shadow of anxiety or perplexity may come.

But it is well for us to remember that the love of God, which came to earth in the Babe, desires that all life shall be a House of Bread. It is no use trying to preach Christianity to men and women in economic degradation and despair. It is no use hoping that the spirit of Jesus can be born into our modern world, where multitudes suffer from a sense of injustice and wrong.

When we think of the House of Bread, we must think of a broken world, and of our part in mending it.

Nor must our attempt be too severely practical. For we must remember that souls are fed not only by bread, but more truly by the bread of fellowship and understanding and concern, which are sometimes among the most impractical things of this world. I picked up a little leaflet of a Community Service Society, and there was an article asking for a gift for a little boy at Christmas. "Please, please," it said, "don't make this gift too practical. Little boys must have something at Christmas besides warm undershirts." And then there was another article, about a little girl who had early lost her father and mother, but who remembered out of a poverty-stricken past a garden where lovely flowers bloomed. And I read: "What if she could have a real Christmas, a bulky stocking hanging by her bed on Christmas morning, and a doll with yellow curls, and maybe—a red rose." For He who came as a Babe to the House of Bread knew better than all of us that it is by such impractical, extra things that men live.

And beyond all of this, He came to declare to a world hungry for God, "I am the Bread of Life." Homes exist at this Christmas-time where there is everything that money can command, and yet no joy. Homes there are which might be termed rich in temporalities, but poor in that intangible something which can never die; homes lavish with bread, but pitifully poor in the Bread of Life. Let your windows blaze with light this Christmas-time, but do not forget the Light of the World. Let merriment surround your festive board, but do not forget Him who has packed friendship and love full of meaning, and taught us that God has given us a universe of the Friendly Heart. Break your bread with joy, but do not forget that even bread has no meaning apart from the Bread of Life.

All the world needs to go to Bethlehem, though some but fill the inn to overflowing, while the glory of God passes by. All the world must go to Bethlehem, though some crowd the festive board and forget to give thanks. All the world must go to Bethlehem, for only there can be found the very Bread of God.

It is only a short walk. We know the way. Let us now go.

Even as in Thine Advent of old, O God, Thou didst by many messengers declare Thy coming, so may there come to us, as we bow in Thy presence today, the assurance that Thou art near, to declare Thyself to our longing hearts, and to give undoubted assurance of Thine Eternal Presence. The isles of the sea wait for Thee, O God, and the ends of the earth call upon Thee: even though on the surface there may seem to be so much darkness, and all that brings fear and shame into the hearts of men. It is only because men do not know Thee, it is only because they have turned their hearts from Thee, that Thou art not revealed in the fullness of Thy power. Grant in this Advent season that worthy impulses may be born in us, O God, and that the Infinite may break through, so that each one of us may see where he may serve, and where he may be a messenger of the Highest, and where he may prepare the world for the coming of Him who is the Prince of Peace. We yearn for this time, O God, with a yearning that will not be denied. Our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee. Grant in this holy hour that we may become conscious of Thy Presence moving across these little lives of ours, until we shall be exalted, until we shall be raised to the realization that ours is a mighty service, and a holy calling, and a rich life that should be dedicated to that which brings peace and brotherhood into the world of men.

The Fellowship on Parade

Tradition requires this missionary society to stop once a year, at Christmas-time, and take a look at itself, in wonder and perhaps astonishment. A year ago we wrote, probably with too much personal detail, an account of the office and the work done there, of the home (the house in which we have lived for the past thirty years), the neighborhood, the Church, and so the sphere of interest gradually broadened out to include the work of the Fellowship in all lands. This year we would like to reverse the procedure and begin with the world-wide survey, and possibly add a few words in closing about conditions nearer home.

We may find a parallel in the scene which will be enacted in our national capital a few days after you read these words. The plans for January 20th have not yet been publicly announced, but no doubt there will be an inaugural parade, passing in review before the newly constituted Chief Executive of our nation. Together with all men of good-will, we salute President-Elect Eisenhower and his associates, and pray for the blessing of God upon them, upon our land and our world, and for His guidance of them in the days to come.

But why should our Fellowship not have its own inaugural parade? We have new friends who during the past year have become interested in our work. We have a new President. Will you, in thought, join us in the reviewing stand as we marshal our workers and associates to pass before you in solemn and yet joyful procession? At times you may want to cheer them, and at other times perhaps the tears will come. Always your spirit will be one of prayer.

In keeping with our annual custom, we shall write simply and directly, using the missionaries' own words whenever possible. We are also taking the unprecendented step of mentioning, at the end of each section, the amount needed to maintain properly the work on that field. Please bear in mind that the sum mentioned is *not* the missionary's total salary (these figures, naturally, are not made public), but the amount needed to make up that salary from month to month, or to meet some other pressing need. The size of the figure given is not necessarily an index to the size of the missionary's allowance. Some of the workers are more fortunate than others in having Churches or individuals who contribute a fixed sum monthly toward their support. We are campaigning here not for single gifts, but for monthly pledges, however small the sum may be. A dear missionary couple, sending their donation recently, wrote: "God willing, will try to send at least five dollars per month." Such regularity in giving will eliminate the guesswork from our administration, and help us to maintain the Fellowship on a sound financial basis.

This does not mean that our "parade" is exclusively a fund-raising device. The great purpose of this presentation is to commend the missionaries to the prayers and love of all our friends, especially of those who have recently joined us. As you intercede for them before God, He will make the way of faith plain to them and to you.

ARGENTINA

It is most appropriate that this country should head our Fellowship parade, for our devoted workers there, Rev. John Kovalchuk and his wife Mary, are celebrating this year the silver jubilee of their association with the Fellowship. Our acquaintance with them goes back even beyond this period of twenty-five years. We pay tribute to them here as utterly selfless workers. They never ask for anything. They never cause us a moment of

difficulty or anxiety. Cheerfully they take what we are able to give them, and with this modest sum perform miracles of service and self-sacrifice. The years have passed over them, and of late they have not been in robust health, especially Sister Mary, but they labor on. Brother John's letters are filled with accounts of long missionary journeys, preaching services, house-to-house visitation, baptisms, convocations, the dedication of new churches, etc.

It will be recalled that the Kovalchuks labored for some years in Europe, as missionaries of the Fellowship, before they came to Argentina. They still keep in touch, through correspondence, with many displaced persons scattered throughout all lands, who were their friends, or members of their Churches, on that earlier field. We have not space to print all of the interesting material they send us growing out of this correspondence. Many wonderful conversions are reported, many lives dedicated to the glory of God.

Brother and Sister Kovalchuk have their own private anxiety and heartbreak to bear, for at the beginning of the second World War they were obliged to leave their lovely daughter Anna behind in Europe. With her husband, John, she continues to live and serve the Lord as best she may, behind the Iron Curtain (we purposely keep the geographical references vague, for the sake of her safety). She does not even dare to write often to her parents, or to receive mail from them. Let us pray especially for her.

It must not be supposed that this silver anniversary of the Kovalchuks will pass with no further notice in these pages. Our brother has promised to write a special article, describing their work during the past twenty-five years, but so far, he has been too busy to take the time for it. It will be worth waiting for. We have before us a recent photograph, and a fascinating account of our brother's youthful experiences and service (an example of the Fellowship's early printing), which he has kindly sent us. This and much more will await our readers when, as soon as possible, we present a special anniversary number in honor of Brother and Sister Kovolchuk.

For some reason, people are slow in responding to appeals for work in the Western Hemisphere, even in South America. Distant fields perhaps have more charm. This should not be, for our Lord has called us to evangelize all lands. His disciples were witnesses first in Jerusalem, and in Judaea and Samaria, before they went to the uttermost parts of the earth. The Fellowship has no more worthy and challenging work than this in Argentina.

Amount needed monthly: $35.00.

AUSTRIA

It is not difficult to write of Austria, for our heart is there, with our beloved Sister Emmy Steyrer and other kind friends, whom, not having seen, we love. Our sister's personal letters are a joy, for they breathe such tender concern for all matters of interest here on the "home front." A detailed report of her service appeared in the last issue of this magazine. It is easy to become enthusiastic about the work of Sister Emmy. Disregarding some symptoms of ill health ("At the beginning of June my heart gave out and I had to go away for a little rest"), she labors with more than the vigor of youth. She never asks for anything for herself, until our pointed questions and suggestions force her to do so; all is for others. Recently we have been privileged to send a little help to a fine young Austrian pastor and his wife, who have been kind to her. We could do much more for them and for her, if we had the means. She visits the sick, conducts Bible and prayer hours, and ministers in all the ways that a woman's kindness and love can suggest. Emmy is a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute, and a worker of great ability and consecration.

In Austria also labors that fine old warrior of the Cross, Pastor Max Monsky. Despite his advanced age, he continues in robust health, which he attributes to his frugal diet and strict regimen of living. Certainly the amount of work he turns off is prodigious. He travels widely, having spent eight weeks in Germany at the beginning of this year; he conducts countless meetings, and during the warm weather he continues his street-preaching, which—as anyone knows who has ever tried it—is a difficult and exacting task. He also issues as much printed matter as conditions and his resources permit. Work in this country under present conditions is difficult, and your special prayers are needed.

In writing of Pastor Monsky we would like to pay tribute also to two devoted women: one, his faithful secretary, Amalie Borochowsky, who has had much trouble and sorrow recently and would appreciate your prayers; the other, the kind friend in New York City who for years has sent us a regular weekly offering for Pastor Monsky's work. She perhaps would not wish us to use her name, but we cite her as an example of the value of a pledge faithfully kept. If we had more friends like her, we could minister to our dear Sister Emmy and our honored Pastor Monsky much more fully.

Amount needed monthly: $35.00.

BULGARIA

Bulgaria is, tragically, behind the Iron Curtain, so we must not mention names. Readers who have long been with us will know to whom we allude; others must, for the present, take our worker's identity on faith. The story goes back some twenty-five years, when a young Christian girl from Bulgaria came to this country to study. She attracted the attention of a devoted Christian couple in Philadelphia, who undertook her support, and when she went out as a missionary under the American-European Fellowship, this arrangement continued. The husband has long since gone to his reward, but the noble Christian widow continues to follow our worker with her love, prayers, and gifts. Because of conditions in Bulgaria, these cannot be regularly transmitted; it is not safe. We do not send food or clothing unless specially requested. Some medicines, urgently needed, have been sent. For safety's sake we have even gone so far as to conduct our correspondence under assumed names. But we think we can safely venture to quote from a letter received last September: "The summer is over. The school year begins, and with new zeal and strength we are beginning our work for the Master in our Church. There are many hard problems which are before us to be overcome. They are problems which only God can solve. I am sorry I am not able to describe them, God knows them, and that is enough for you and me. He and only He is able to help us and to protect us. We are true to Him, and we shall stay in the Church and work for Him until He calls us from this earth. . . . Please give my love and gratitude to all who remember me and pray for me and my loved ones. Hearty greetings to all friends."

Amount needed monthly: For the present, it is requested that no gifts be sent for Bulgaria. Those received are placed in a separate fund and will be instantly available when our worker is able to receive them. Small amounts are sent occasionally, at her request, for special necessities, or are used in shopping for her here. Please remember her and her family especially in prayer. God has graciously preserved them, and is able to use them still further for His glory.

FRANCE

We do not seem to have a report in hand at present from our beloved sister, Tordis Christoffersen. In a recent letter she spoke of plans for the fall work, and added: "But I have had to rest some and go to bed early; while there I pray for you and all in the Fellowship." The last year or two have witnessed some falling off of interest in our sister's work, and this has disturbed us greatly. Readers will remember how, at the close of the second World War, she was the first of our missionaries abroad with whom we were able to reestablish contact; and how she was in want of the common necessities of life, yet working and praising the Lord. We were able to publish a great many letters from her in those years. As we were able to communicate with more and more of our missionaries, Sister Tordis naturally took her place among them, receiving her share of our readers' attention along with the others; and this is as she would have wished. It was she, generous soul, who once directed us, if there were extra money in her fund, to use it for others of our missionaries who might be in greater need. But we do not like to see any lapse of interest in our sister's ministry. She labors incessantly, teaching the Word, ministering to the sick and discouraged, visiting prisons, and performing many other labors of love. She has no helper, save as we help her with our prayers and love. Hers is a special need, and one which we earnestly commend to you.

Amount needed monthly: $65.00.

GERMANY

In this land we have a twofold ministry. Let us speak first of Pastor Bernhard Goetze, who visited this country and Canada on a speaking tour in 1950; some of our readers surely saw and heard him. Being a magnetic speaker, he was very successful while on this trip. When he returned home, we made arrangements to forward him monthly remittances, made up of the gifts which we thought would be forthcoming. But the sad truth is that, with his departure for home, the gifts began to fall off in a startling manner. Again and again we drew on the General Fund to make up the amount of his monthly allowance, until we dare to do so no longer. We did not have a cent to send him for the month of December. He wrote us in November so bravely and cheerfully, telling of his missionary travels and preaching engagements; of the miraculous recovery from tuberculosis of his daughter-in-law Edeltraud, wife of Paul Goetze; of the betrothal of his youngest son, Emanuel; and the latest news of all the grandchildren. Pastor Goetze is a fine man, of excellent ability, financial integrity, and complete consecration. We must not leave him empty-handed. Also, for those of you who read German, we commend his book of devotions for every day in the year, under the title, "Fuerchte dich nicht, glaube nur!" (Fear not, only believe.) We personally are reading it with pleasure and profit; the expositions are Scriptural, convincing, warm-hearted and practical. It may be ordered through the Fellowship at two dollars a copy.

Amount needed monthly: $100.00.

Germany is dear to us, also, as being the present place of labor of our beloved and faithful missionaries, Rev. Charles Lukesh and his wife Edna. Friends of long standing will remember how, after working faithfully among the Czech population and others in the Northwest part of our country, they went back to their own land and to the adopted daughter they had had to leave there. But Czechoslovakia presently fell beneath Communist domina-

tion, and readers of the daily papers know something of what is going on there now. The Lukeshes went to Germany, where they have labored largely among the displaced persons in temporary camps, making fluent use of Czech, German, and other tongues. They hear only occasionally from their daughter.

Brother Charles' letters are so rich in material that we despair of making a selection, but perhaps this passage may illustrate as well as any other the need and their methods of meeting it: "We took a weighty subject for our program, the seven dispensations of human history as presented in the Bible, with the final judgment of the White Throne of God. It proved that the previous training was not in vain, as the children grasped the explanation and application readily. To clinch the lessons in memory, and to have something to show at home, duplicated charts of the lessons were given to the children, as the teaching progressed, which they colored according to a sample, and finally these were bound in a book. First, the lesson was presented in a progressive way on a flannelgraph, and when the children returned home, they could show what they remembered, even to the priest. The shortness of the time at our disposal made us utilize all opportunities: quoting Bible verses before meals, reading a couple of inspiring books after supper, and having bedtime prayers. Incidentally, the handling of the children, the way of teaching and general behavior, was a revelation to the managers of the house, who were used to seeing the youngsters act very much as they pleased. When the time to leave came, it was touching to all, and several times the children have declared, since then, that they would be ready to go again, any time. But the best thing is that some show a real change in their lives. We pray that what was begun in their hearts may progress to the honor of Christ.

"It is a joy to work with children, and it is deeply to be regretted that the enemy of souls is hard at it, to pick out the seed sown in the receptive hearts. A man with six children said that his girls would not give up Mrs. Lukesh for the whole world. A boy of five, after not seeing us for a year, as they moved to different parts, knew us at once and ran to meet us, before we saw him. When a newcomer heard about us, he was told how to know us: 'Where Mr. Lukesh is, you will also find a group of children.'

"It must be expected that our work arouses enmity, manifested in various ways. On concluding some Bible classes one evening, we noticed innocent-looking pieces of wood under the wheels of the car. On close examination we found that long spikes had been driven through them and so jammed under the tires, that on moving forward, all four tires would have been punctured." That was indeed a deliverance!

Amount needed monthly: A fine Western church has for some years carried the main part of the support for Mr. and Mrs. Lukesh. We would be glad to have the means of adding some extras as needed, and therefore we are asking the Lord for $25.00 more for them each month.

ISRAEL

Here, in the stormy new Republic of Israel, the problems facing Dr. Yuk and his two devoted nurses are tremendous. We think of the nurses especially just now, as their lovely Christmas cards came the other day. In earlier issues we have detailed the horrible conditions under which our Clinic is obliged to function, the neighbors going out of their way to surround it with filth and squalor, in order to exasperate the Christians and discourage the patients. But still they come. Repeated appeals to the authorities have resulted in little or no improvement of the site. What is Dr. Yuk to do?

He has considered the possibility of moving to another part of the city, or of erecting a prefabricated house on a lot which might be available. But all of those things are costly, and there are legal complications which require much correspondence with the authorities. There is also the problem of Dr. Yuk's automobile. He writes that if he buys it there, it will probably not be a very good one; and if it is imported from abroad, someone (in the custom-house?) will take the "insides" out of it and secretly substitute inferior parts. What is to be done? Much prayer is required. We are trusting that these problems may be solved during the coming year.

Your Christmas remembrance from the Fellowship, which should be in your hands before you read these lines, was a copy of Dr. Yuk's book, "Israel in the Holy Land and the Coming of Christ," with a simple bookmark bearing our greeting and some words of invitation. It seemed wise to get these books into a wider circulation than they have hitherto had, even at considerable financial loss. If you already have a copy, please pass yours on to a friend. The book is doctrinally sound and very well-written.

Amount needed monthly: The needs are so tremendous that it is hard to set a fixed amount. Perhaps $100.00 a month, in addition to what we are now receiving, might enable us to solve some of the doctor's problems.

PORTUGAL

Not because the needs are less important, but because space is running out, we must be brief. During the past few years we have come to know and love our brother who labors in Lisbon, Rev. Guido Waldemar Oliveira. In many letters he has described a rich preaching ministry, and a labor of love in printing and distributing magazines and tracts. From the few gifts received, we have been able to send him some books that he needed, and there was one very generous donation for his printing. He ministers to many small churches, whose financial needs he would be glad to relieve, if he had the means. But his fund is practically exhausted.

Amount needed monthly: $50.00.

SPAIN

From the Netherlands Gospel Center, under Dr. R. H. Borkent, have come urgent appeals for help in distributing Christian literature in Spain. We have been able to send one remittance, from your gifts, and perhaps may manage another. But we would like to send regularly. The need is tremendous, the people are poor, housing conditions bad, and the Catholic Church is dominant. The printed Word is mighty to combat these evils.

Amount needed monthly: $50.00.

SWITZERLAND

We close on a joyful note. A dainty announcement tells us that Ruth Stettler, eldest daughter of our beloved missionaries Fred and Martha Stettler, was married on September 20th to a Christian young man, Edmond Bieri. We have been promised a picture soon. We praise God for the beautiful understanding which exists between us and these dear ones. Our brother's last letter was full of the warmth of Christian fellowship. He spoke of the Gospel tent work, the printing of tracts, young people's conferences, and overwork. His correspondence, like our own, is voluminous.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, Oct.-Nov., 1952

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

36041--$15.00
36042----5.00
36043----2.00
36044----1.00
36045----1.00
36046----1.00
36047----5.00
36048---10.00
36049----3.00
36050---10.00
36051---50.00
36052---10.00
36053---50.00
36054----1.00
36055---10.00
36056---10.00
36057----1.00
36058----5.00
36059----5.00
36060----2.00
36061----4.00
36062---10.00
36063---25.00
36064---50.00
36065----5.00
36066---75.00
36067---10.00
36068---55.64
36069---20.00
36070--$10.00
36071----5.00
36072---75.00
36073---10.00
36074---15.00
36075----1.00
36076----1.00
36077---10.00
36078----1.00
36079----2.00
36080----8.00
36081----2.00
36082---50.00
36083---10.00
36084----5.00
36085----1.00
36086---75.00
36087----5.00
36088---10.00
36089----1.00
36090---50.00
36091----5.00
36092----2.00
36093---35.00
36094---10.00
36095---10.00
36096---10.00
36097---20.00
36098----5.00
36099---$1.00
36100----1.00
36101---50.00
36102----1.00
36103---15.00
36104---50.00
36105----1.00
36106---10.00
36107----1.00
36108---10.00
36109---50.00
36110----6.00
36111----3.00
36112----1.00
36113---20.00
36114---15.00
36115---20.00
36116---75.00
36117---15.00
36118---15.00
36119----5.00
36120----1.00
36121---50.00
36122---50.00
36123---10.00
36124---10.00
36125----1.00
36126----5.00
36127----5.00
36128--$10.00
36129----1.00
36130---10.00
36131----5.00
36132---75.00
36133---10.00
36134---15.00
36135----5.00
36136----5.00
36137---35.00
36138----2.00
36139--200.00
36140---10.00
36141---15.00
36142----5.00
36143----3.00
36144----5.00
36145----1.00
36146--200.00
36147----5.00
36148---25.00
36149----5.00
36150----2.00
36151---10.00
36152----5.00
36153----2.00
36154----3.00
36155----3.00
36156---67.04

Amount needed monthly: Brother Stettler's needs are largely met by some faithful pledges, for which we praise God. But an increase in his resources would of course enable him to expand the work. We will name a modest figure, $25.00 per month.

U. S. A.

We are thinking here, of course, about our beloved sister, Jean Rhode, and her ministry to the Jews in Florida. We praise God for her safe return home from her trip North, and for some improvement in her health. Pray for her work now during the winter tourist season. Further reports will be forthcoming.

Amount needed monthly: $50.00.